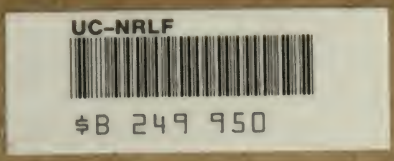
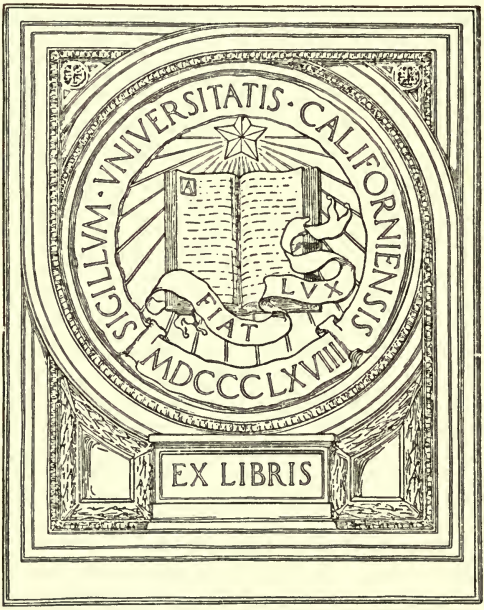
954
C881
v.3



YB 74610


SIGILLVM · VNIVERSITATIS · CALIFORNIENSIS
FIAT
LVX
MDCCCLXVIII
EX LIBRIS

954
C881
w

MAKE-UP" BOOK—HOW TO "MAKE-UP." A practical guide for
eurs, with Twenty-three colored Illustrations. Price 50 cents.

NO. CCVIII.

FRENCH'S MINOR DRAMA.

The Acting Edition.

WANTED ONE THOUSAND

SPIRITED YOUNG MILLINERS

For the Gold Diggings:

A FARCE, IN ONE ACT.

BY J. STIRLING COYNE.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

A description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business.

AS NOW PERFORMED AT THE PRINCIPAL ENGLISH AND AMERICAN THEATRES.

NEW YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH & SON,
PUBLISHERS,
38 East 14th St., Union Square.

LONDON:
Samuel French
PUBLISHER.
89 STRAND

MAKE-UP BOX.

taining Rouge, Pearl Powder, Whiting, Mongolian, Ruddy Rouge, Violet Powder, d Puff; Chrome, Blue, Burnt Co k Pencils for the eyelids, Spirit Gum, India Ink, Hair Brushes, Hare's Foot, Wool, Craped Hair, Cold Cream, Joining Paste, Min- Puffs, Scissors and Looking Glass, packed neatly in Strong Fancy Card-board , $4.00; Elegant Tin Cases, $5.00.

ABOVE ARTICLES TO BE HAD SEPARATELY. FOR PRICES, SEE CATALOGUE.

No Plays Exchanged or Sent on Approval.

INTERNATIONAL

DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE

OF

PLAYS,

AND

DRAMATIC WORKS,

With a Descriptive List of Amateur Plays and Articles.

CONTENTS.

	Page.
Amateur Dramas, Comedies, etc.	32
Amateur Operas	42
Articles Needed by Amateurs	45
Beards, Whiskers, Mustaches, etc	47
Bits of Burlesque	38
Bound Sets of Plays	14
Bulwer Lytton's Plays	24
Burlesque Dramas	42
Burnt Cork	45
Charade Plays	38
Colored Fire and Tableaux Lights	45
Comic Dramas for Male Char. only	42
Costume Books	25
Cumberland's Edition	19
Darkey Dramas	39
Dramas for Boys	42
Drawing Room Plays	25
Elocution Reciters and Speakers	44
Ethiopian Dramas	39
Evening's Entertainment	40
Fairy Plays	40
French's Edition	2
French's English Operas	42
French's Italian Operas	37
French's Standard Minor Drama	14
French's Parlor Comedies	41
Frobisher's Popular Recitals	45
Guide Books for Amateurs	41
Grand Army Dramas	36
Grease Paints	48
Home Plays for Ladies	41
How to "Make-up"	48
How We Managed our Private Theatricals	36
Irish Plays	36
Juvenile Plays	40
Lacy's Costumes	26
Magnesium Tableaux Lights	45
Make-up Box	48
Miscellaneous Books	25
Miscellaneous Editions of Plays	24
Miscellaneous Plays	13
Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works	24
New Plays	14
Nigger Jokes and Stump Speeches	40
Parlor Magic	41
Parlor Pantomimes	44
Pieces of Peasantry	38
Plays for Male Characters only	37
Round Games	41
Scenes for Amateurs	25
Scriptural and Historical Dramas	42
Sensation Dramas	38
Serio-Comic Dramas	42
Shadow Pantomimes	43
Shakespeare's Plays	37
Sheet Music	43
Tableaux Vivants	37
Temperance Plays	23
Theatrical Face Preparations	46
Vocal Music of Shakespeare's Plays	43
Wigs	47

ALL MAILABLE ARTICLES IN THIS CATALOGUE SENT POST FREE.

In ordering and remitting by Mail always send Post Office Orders if possible.

POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN IN PAYMENT.

NEW YORK:

SAMUEL FRENCH & SON,

PUBLISHERS,

38 E. 14th St., Union Square.

LONDON:

SAMUEL FRENCH,

PUBLISHER,

89, STRAND.

Payment MUST accompany each Order.

A Catalogue with above Contents Sent Free.

Those who receive extra Catalogues, kindly hand them to Friends.

WANTED,

ONE THOUSAND

SPIRITED YOUNG MILLINERS,

FOR THE GOLD DIGGINGS.

A Farce.—In One Act,

BY

J. STIRLING COYNE.

AUTHOR OF "HOW TO SETTLE ACCOUNTS WITH YOUR LAUNDRESS," "FRAUD AND ITS VICTIMS," "QUEER SUBJECT," "THE LOVE KNOT," "THE UNPROTECTED FEMALE," "MAN OF MANY FRIENDS," "PAS DE FASCINATION," ETC. ETC.

With Original Cast, Costumes, and all the Stage Business.

NEW-YORK.

SAMUEL FRENCH,

121 NASSAU-STREET.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	Royal Olympic, London, 1852.	*Burton's, New York*, 1852.	*Holliday-Street, Baltimore*, 1858.	*Howard Athenæum, Boston*, 1862.
MR. SINGLETON, *a Solicitor*,	Mr. Bender,	Mr. Gourlay,	Mr. N. C. Forrester,	Mr. E. B. Holmes.
JOE BAGGS, *his Clerk*,	" Hoskins,	" Burton,	" Burton,	" Setchell.
TOM TIPTON, *a Medical Student at Guy's*,	" Compton,	" Johnston,	" W. M. Fiske,	" C. H. Wilson.
SELINA SMITH,	Miss Ellen Turner,	Mrs. Holman,	Mrs. J. H. Stoddart	Miss Flood.
SOPHY STOKES,	" Lucy Rafter,	Mrs. Fisk,	Mrs. H. F. Daley,	Miss Verney.
CHARLOTTEE SIMPSON,	" Isabel Adams,	Miss Fisher,	Miss Harrison,	Miss Emma Snow.
CAROLINE JONES,	" Shalders,	Miss Devere,	Miss A. Hodges,	Miss Kendrick.
BELLA BROWN,	" Pitt,	Miss Jansen,	Mrs. G. Johnson,	Miss Gourley.
JEMIMA JUKES,	" S. Pitt,		Miss E. Harrison,	
ANGELICA TOD, *a Milliner's Apprentice*,	Mrs. B. Bartlet,	Mrs. Hughes,	Mrs. Hughes,	Mrs. Sylvester.

Young Milliners

COSTUMES.

SINGLETON. Black suit; white neckcloth.

BAGGS. *First Dress*—Green coat; light waistcoat and trowsers. *Second Dress*—Lady's polka body, and flowered skirt; cap and flowers.

TIPTON. *First Dress*—Black coat; broad-plaid waistcoat; brown trowsers, with broad red stripe down sides. *Second Dress*—Old hat; shabby drab greatcoat. *Third Dress*—Lady's polka body, and flowered skirt; wig a la Greo; lace lappets.

ANGELICA. Extravagant bonnet; black visite; muslin dress.

Milliners.—Neat bonnets; scarfs, shawls, aprons, and muslin or stuff dresses

TIME OF REPRESENTATION—Forty-five minutes.

WANTED, ONE THOUSAND YOUNG MILLINERS.

SCENE — *A solicitor's office, furnished in the usual manner.* — *A large table, with papers and writing materials on it,* C. — *Windows* R. *and* L., *in flat, with blinds to each.* — *Door to* SINGLETON'S *private room* R. 3 E. — *Fire-place, over which is a chimney-glass,* R. 2 E. — *Door of closet* L. 3 E. — *Door of entrance* L. 2 E. — *Nine office-chairs and one easy-chair placed by fire-place,* R. — *Lawyer's tin boxes on the floor and on shelves.*

JOE BAGGS *discovered writing,* L. *of table.*

Baggs. (*writing and reading*). *"All that and those tenements and hereditaments, situate, lying and being in the parish of Tetteringham, situate in the county of Norfolk, as lately in the possession of John Dobbin, farmer, and bounded on the north by Coppershaw Close"* — no — *"on the south"* — no — *"on the east"* — (*Rising*) Hang it! I can think of nothing but the plan I have in hand. I wonder if Tom Tipton has got my note. I must have Tom's assistance to carry out my project. He's a devilish clever fellow, is Tom, though he has been for six years trying unsuccessfully to pass the College of Surgeons. When I think of the larks we have played together! Ha, ha, ha! (*Laughs with suppressed glee.*)

Tipton (*putting his head in at* D. L. 2 E.) Hallo, Joe! What's up? (*Enters.*) You're as jolly as if somebody had lent you a five-pun note, to be paid three months after convenience.

Bag. Oh, Tom! I'm glad you're come. But don't speak too loud; for the governor is in his private room there. Such a lark, Tom! I've done him, — done him brown, at last.

Tip. What! old Singleton, — the cunningest fox in the Law List; — done him? I'll shake hands with you, Joe. (*They shake hands.*) You're not such a fool as you look. Let me hear all about it.

Bag. I've had, for some time, a splendid project in my mind; but I could not put it in execution without getting the governor out of the way for a whole day. Well, what do you think I do?

Tip. Something stupid, of course.

Bag. Ah! you shall judge. The governor happens to have a rich old client down at Oxford; — Tottles, he's called. Well, I get a letter written, and posted at Oxford, as from Mrs. Tottles, to the governor, telling him that her husband had been taken suddenly very ill indeed, and wanted to make his will, and go out of the world com-

M50102

fortably; which he could not do unless his friend Singleton came down.

Tip. Ah! Well?

Bag. The letter arrived this morning, by the early post, and, strange as it may seem, the governor fell into the trap; and the infatuated individual is now packing his carpet-bag, preparing to start for Oxford.

Tip. Bravo, Joe! By Jove! I could n't have managed it better myself. But what are you going to do when you 've got the premises to yourself? Something must be done. Let me see; I know half a dozen of Guy's fellows that I can muster in no time. One of them sings all the comic songs popular at Evans's, and another can mix punch, and balance no end of tobacco-pipes on his nose. You play loo? Of course you do. Well, I 'll bring a pack of cards; and we 'll have in innumerable pots of shandygaff; and you shall lock the door, and stick a notice outside, "Back in half an hour" — meaning half an hour after no particular time; and we 'll close the shutter and light the gas, and make a serious day of it, my boy! (*Slaps him on shoulder.*)

Bag. Why, you see, Tom, though I am rather partial to shandygaff, and think you fellows of Guy's devilish pleasant company over a bowl of punch, I have a plan of my own that will interfere with yours.

Tip. O, in that case propound it. I am open to conviction.

Bag. Here it is. (*Takes printed placards out of table-drawer, and exhibits one.*) What do you think of it?

Tip. Eh? (*Reads*) "*Wanted, one thousand spirited young mil liners*" — A thousand!

Bag. Be the same more or less.

Tip. (*reading*). "*One thousand spirited young milliners, for the gold diggings. Apply personally to Mrs. Vanderpants*" — Who the devil is Mrs. Vanderpants?

Bag. Never mind. Go on.

Tip. (*reading*). "*Apply personally to Mrs. Vanderpants, from ten o'clock in the morning till twelve at night, at* 210 *Lincoln's Inn Fields.*" Why, Joe, that 's here!

Bag. Undoubtedly.

Tip. Eh? I begin to have some idea of your intentions. You 're meditating a Circassian soiree —

Bag. Hush! You 've hit upon it; — a *fete artistique.*

Tip. No?

Bag. Artistique, choregraphique, and *chivalresque* —

Tip. And millineresque.

Bag. Millineresque essentially.

Tip. Joe, I 've no hesitation in asserting that your idea is stupendous! — I may say 't is the volcanic and cutaneous eruption of a great mind.

Bag. Well, the next thing to do is to get out a few bills. You must help me, Tom.

Tip. Why, the fact is I have a good many out already; but to accommodate a friend, I don't mind doing a few more. Where 's

your pen and ink? (*Sits* L. *of table.*) Hand over your papers, and I 'll put as good a name on them as ever spoiled a stamp.

Bag. Pshaw! I only want you to stick them.

Tip. No, no; 'pon my life I can't do that. I 'll accept them with pleasure, and you shall stick them; — *secundum artem;* — that 's the regular practice, I believe, at Guy's.

Bag. Will you understand me? I merely want you to stick a few of these placards.

Tip. (*rising*). Oh! I beg pardon; I was thinking of another kind of bill-sticking; — three months after date. Hem! give them to me. (*Takes placards.*) I 'll borrow an old hat and coat from the porter, and try my hand at external paper-hanging. But I say, where shall I put them up?

Bag. Oh, anywhere in the neighborhood; — on any blank wall or pump you may find.

Tip. Pump? 'Gad, then I 'll just step into Lincoln's Inn and the College of Surgeons, where I shall find plenty of old pumps.

[*Exit* L. 2 E.

Bag. I rather fancy I shall render myself illustrious in all future histories of England, by this *coup d'etat.* There 's certainly something magnificent in the notion of wanting a thousand milliners for the gold diggings!

Enter SINGLETON, *from room,* R. 3 E., *with carpet-bag, greatcoat, and shawl.*

Singleton. Eh, Baggs; what 's that you 're saying about the diggings? (*Puts carpet-bag, &c., on chair.*)

Bag. Diggings, sir? Oh, yes; I was observing to myself, in your absence, that an enterprising young man, with an industrious wife and a cradle, might do wonders at the gold diggings.

Sin. All humbug! There are no diggings like the diggings at Westminster Hall, where, if you hit upon a good case, you may wash lots of gold out of a client. Come here, Joe. I am obliged to go down to Oxford this morning.

Bag. (*aside*). And you may thank me for the journey.

Sin. Old Tottles is dying.

Bag. Dying, sir? Dear me! that 's sudden, sir! Execution on the body, — removal by *habeas corpus,* — doctors can't put in bail, — must leave the world, his wife, and his lawyer, sir. But I dare say, sir, it will be a happy release for the poor man.

Sin. Yes, yes, he 's been ailing for some time. Ah! by the bye, I 've a letter that I must write before I go. Where are the ink and paper?

Bag. (*arranging papers on table*). Here they are, sir. (SINGLETON *sits* R. *of table.*) But don't you think you may be late, sir? When a man is dying, you know —

Sin. (*writing*). He 's seldom in a hurry, Joe.

Bag. Ha, ha, ha! Why, no sir; but — (*Aside*) Hang him for a stubborn old mule. I 'm afraid Tom will be back before he 's done. (*Goes to window and looks out.*)

Sin. (*writing, and aside*). I have full ten minutes to spare, before 't will be time to start. Meanwhile I 'll mingle a little pleasure

with business, by answering the note I have just received from that charming creature whom I met in Kensington Gardens ; — a sweet, timid little innocent, fresh from the country. Joe ! sealing-wax and a light. And she has consented to dine with me next Sunday, at Richmond. I really believe I possess an extraordinary power of fascination over the fair sex. (*Writes.*)

Bag. Yes sir. (*Lights match from box on chimney-piece.*) Phew ! matches, they say, are made in heaven ; but these, by their smell, must have been manufactured in a very different place. (*Lights taper.*)

Sin. (*addressing note*). "*Miss Selina Smith, Post Office, Charing Cross. To be called for.*"

Bag. (*placing taper on table*). Here you are, sir. You hold the letter, and I 'll drop on the wax.

Sin. Thank you.

Enter TIPTON *hastily*, L. 2 E., *wearing an old greatcoat and shabby white hat, and carrying a large brush.*

Tip. Phew ! All right ! Ha, ha, ha !

Sin. Eh ! Who 's that ?

Bag. (*embarrassed*). That, sir? Oh, that 's — (*Drops melting wax on* SINGLETON'S *fingers.*)

Sin. Hallo ! — the wax ! (*Jumps up in pain, holding his finger in his mouth.*) You 've burnt me to the bone with the infernal wax ?

Bag. (*aside to* TIPTON). What are you about ? The governor !

Tip. Hold hard ! (*Hides brush behind him.*)

Sin. What 's your business, fellow ?

Tip. (*in a simple manner*). I 'm a hartist !

Sin. (*pompously*). Oh ! a painter, I suppose ?

Tip. Yes, and glazier as well. (*Shows pot and brush.*)

Sin. And what do you come here for ?

Tip. I 'm come to paint you ! (*Uses the action of painting.*)

Sin. Paint me ?

Tip. Yes. How will you be done ; in plain oak or mahogany ?

Sin. You 've made a mistake, my good fellow. You 're not wanted here.

Tip. Oh ! perhaps it 's the other old buffer, on the floor above, that master has sent me to do up. But, I say, I don't think a brush would do you much harm here. (*Looks about.*) You don't look remarkably fresh. I should like to give you a coat or two. (SINGLETON *turns away.*)

Bag. (R.) Presumptuous painter ! we want none of your coats, when we have six suits in Chancery to our back, that we hope will last us all our lives, and descend to our children after us.

Tip. (L.) Oh ! Well, good bye. (*Slips behind door*, L. 2 E., *and conceals himself.*)

Sin. Joe, my coat. Mind you don't let that fellow in here again. (*Takes carpet-bag.*) Be attentive to business, Joe. Go on with the draft of Edwards's mortgage — and mind you turn off the gas at night — and have that writ served upon Jones — and — that 's all. Good bye. [*Exit* L. 2 E.

Bag. Good bye, sir! Take care of yourself! (*Closes door, and discovers* TIPTON *standing upright against the wall.*)

Tip. (*capering*). Hooray! the field 's our own. I 've put them all up (*imitates action of sticking a bill*), in defiance of the solemn warning, "Bill-stickers beware!" You should see them, Joe. They 're enormously attractive! The milliners can't help themselves. We shall catch them alive, like bluebottles in a grocer's window. They 'll be down on us in a swarm, directly. But where 's Madame Vanderpants? You know you have announced her, and she must be forthcoming.

Bag. I 'm prepared for that. Madame Vanderpants is an old lady, a client of the governor's, who, having a heavy suit on hand, is obliged to come up to town frequently; and to save trouble she leaves some boxes and trunks of clothes here, where she has them ready when she requires them. Now, I 've selected a few articles of apparel from her store; and when I 've got them on I think I shall make a very fair sample of the sex.

Tip. You 'll be a prodigious creature, Joe! But what am *I* to do?

Bag. Why, as you 're to be my assistant, I 've looked out a few things for you. (*Brings down a lawyer's deed-box, which is on the floor at back.*) Here you are, in "Smith's Executors." On with these directly, or we shan't be ready to receive our visitors. (*Gives box.*) Go into that room, there; and make haste.

Tip. Well, this beats Guy's, by several chalks.

[*Exit, with box,* R. 3 E.

Bag. Now to make a clearance here. (*Moves table back.*) So. (*Takes a note from table.*) What 's this? A note, addressed to the governor, and in a female hand that I 'm not acquainted with. Hem! I must see what he 's been about. (*Reads*) Um, um — "*been thinking of you since the evening we met in Kensington Gardens*" — um, um — "*tender emotions*" — um, um — "*love — Cupid — innocence*" — um, um — "*flattering sex*" — um, um — "*happy to accept invitation to dine at Richmond.*" Ha! — um, um — "*Ever thine, Selina Smith.*" Whew! here 's a discovery! Governor going to give a dinner at Richmond to a mysterious female. Soh! I must look after the old gentleman's morals. (*Puts letter in pocket.*)

Re-enter TIPTON, R. 3. E., *dressed in female attire.*

Tip. Here, Joe, will you give this gown a pull, and hook it for me?

Bag. (*assisting him*). Yes, yes; make haste.

Tip. Oh, ho! — there! — you tickle me! — quick! There! — oh! — don't! — there! I 'm as easily tickled as a kitten. Quick! (*Twisting*) Oh!

Bag. Be quiet, will you?

Tip. What shameful stitching there is in the gown! You hear how it cracks — krr-rr-rr!

Bag. It 's my turn to dress, now. [*Exit, running,* L. 3 E.

Tip. I wonder if I look interesting, in my new costume. (*Goes to glass.*) Oh, curse it! — ha, ha, ha! — I forgot my moustache. That will never do. A moustache on a lady's lip is an anomaly on

the face of it. I see I must sacrifice my capillary attraction, and have it off; and luckily here 's Joe's razor. (*Takes razor off chimney-piece, and is strapping it on his hand, when a knock is heard at* D. L. 2 E.) Hallo! here 's an applicant already. (*Puts razor on chimney-piece.*) I must defer the operation, and conceal my anomaly. Come in!

Enter ANGELICA, L. 2 E.

Angelica. I believe Madame Vanderpants lives here?

Tip. (*keeping handkerchief to his mouth*). Quite correct, ma'am. (*Aside*) A devilish old bird. Pray walk in. Madame Vanderpants will be here presently. Hem! I 'm her particular friend — in fact, her medical assistant — a — when I say medical, you of course understand I allude to millinery affairs. You 've come, I suppose, as — a — a —

An. A deputation, mem, from the young ladies of Mrs. Knappit, the milliner's establishment. There are seven of us, mem, all anxious for exportation; and as I was the youngest apprentice —

Tip. The youngest apprentice! (*Aside*) There 's not much precocious talent amongst them.

An. They said to me, "Angelica" — (*simpering*) — my name 's Angelica Tod. I 'm a single young woman, mem.

Tip. Single! — ahem! — I perceive. (*Aside*) A lamb of many summers. Well, ma'am — I mean, my dear — my name is — (*Aside*) What the deuce is my name? Ah! — oh! — yes! — Smithers — Miss Smithers, my love. (ANGELICA *curtseys.*)

An. Well, mem, the young ladies said to me, "Angelica, dear, as your manner and your bonnet are so superior, will you have the kindness to go and inquire about this Madame Vanderpants, who wants a thousand milliners for the diggings."

Tip. Very proper and prudent.

An. May I ask, then, what are the prospects for young women in our line, in Australia?

Tip. Why, my dear, there 's in the first place a prospect of seven thousand disconsolate diggers waiting with open arms, upon the beach, to receive the same number of affectionate wives.

An. Well, I don't think that would be a very serious objection to any of us.

Tip. Then what with drinking rum and hunting kangaroos, the men die so fast there that an active young woman, if she have any luck, may calculate upon six husbands per annum, at least.

An. Oh, I 'm sure the place will suit us. The young ladies are waiting for me, close by. I 'll fetch them directly. (*Going. — Returns.*) Oh, I had forgot. — As we are unprotected females, we should like a reference, Miss Smithers.

Tip. Oh, certainly. We refer you to a — a — let me see — to the Royal College of Surgeons, or to the British Museum.

An. Thank you, mem. That 's quite sufficient. (*Curtseys.*) I 'll now go and fetch the ladies.

Tip. Do so, dear. We 'll be too happy to see you all. And you may as well tell them to come prepared to remain for the day, as

Madame Vanderpants likes to commence her colonial training as soon as possible.

An. I'll tell them, mem. [*Exit* L. 2 E.

Tip. Now to get off the moustache before they arrive. (*Runs to glass, takes razor, and commences shaving.*)

Enter BAGGS, L. 3 E.

Bag. (L.) Well, Tom, will I do?

Tip. (R.) You should n't interrupt a lady when she 's shaving.

Bag. I beg your pardon. Have we had any applications yet?

Tip. (*shaving*). Yes, one nibble.

Bag. Hah — is she good looking?

Tip. That 's a matter of taste.

Bag. Young?

Tip. Well — a — um — I should say — hah — tough as the devil!

Bag. The milliner?

Tip. No, no; the moustache. There, it 's off. There goes the glory of Guy's. The sacrifice is accomplished. (*Puts down razor, and turns round.*) Hallo, Joe! what have you been about? You 're not half dressed. Make haste. There will be a flock of young milliners here directly. Hark! I hear them on the stairs. Go; and I 'll entertain them till you come. (*Pushes him* L.)

Bag. Well, mind, Tom, fair play; — honor bright, my boy. [*Exit* L. 3 E.

Enter ANGELICA, SELINA, SOPHY, CAROLINE, BELLA, CHARLOTTE, *and* JEMIMA, L. 2 E., *each carrying a work-basket.*

An. Miss Smithers, these are the young ladies. Young ladies, Miss Smithers. (*Ladies curtsey, and* TIPTON *curtseys awkwardly in return.*)

Tip. (*aside*). Confound it! I know I haven't got the back slide correctly. Ho! hem! very happy to see you, young ladies; — I may say delighted. Madame Vanderpants will be here presently. She 's only blowing a cloud in her room.

Sophy. Blowing a cloud?

All. Blowing a cloud!

Tip. Ahem! — a — when I say blowing, I mean, of course, sewing a cloud, my loves. It 's the newest evening costume, — the *robe de vapeur*, as the French call it; — quite an etherial affair, I assure you.

All. Oh! indeed!

Selina. (x C.) Excuse me, miss, but we should like to know when we dine.

Tip. When we dine! Well, that depends on circumstances entirely. 'T is a question that sometimes requires serious consideration.

Sel. For my part, I like my regular dinner, though I 've no appetite worth naming. (*Aside to others*) Mind, ladies, we shan't stand being put off with an early tea for dinner.

All (L.) No, certainly not. No! no!

Tip. (R., *aside*). They 've formed themselves into a provisional committee upon the dinner question. I 'm afraid that 's a contingency

that Joe has not contemplated ; for, as the sensible poet has observed, "Lips, though blooming, must still be fed ;" and I doubt if they 'd be satisfied with a cold collation of Cases in Equity, or a lunch upon Remainders. Shakspeare must have been in a difficulty of this sort, when he said, "Oh ! that we should call these delicate creatures ours, and not their appetites ! "

Bag. (*without*, L.) I say, Tom ! (*Ladies start*)

Sel. Tom !

Tip. Oh ! that 's Madame Vanderpants. She sometimes jocosely calls me Tom. My name is Thomasine. He, he, he !

Sel. Madame Vanderpants ! Attention, ladies ; form line ; eyes down ; hands crossed ; prepare to curtsey ! (*They arrange themselves in line.*)

Enter BAGGS, L. 3 E.

Tip. (*aside to him*). Call me Miss Smithers.

Bag. (*marching down* C., *without noticing ladies, who continue curtseying from the moment he enters.*) Miss Smithers.

Tip. (R.) Yes, mem.

Bag. (C.) You went abroad yesterday evening without my permission. 'Tis very improper ; and if it occurs again, we must part. (*Aside to* TIPTON) How do I look, Tom ?

Tip. Plummy.

Caroline (*aside*). *There 's* a horrible old giraffe ! I know I shall hate her.

Sel. (*aside to ladies, munching an apple*). So shall I, if she don't let us have dinner very soon.

Bag. (*feigning to see them*). Bless me, ladies !

Sel. (L. C.) Yes, mem, we 're the spirited young women that 's wanted.

Bag. Oh, I beg your pardon, my dears ! How many are there of you ?

Car. Six, if you please, mem.

Ang. (L.) And the apprentice, mem. (*Curtseys.*)

Bag. (*aside to* TIPTON). That 's exactly half a dozen for me, and the apprentice for you, Tom.

Tip. (*aside to* BAGGS). Blow the apprentice ! Excuse the emphatic observation ; but I cannot avoid expressing my feelings strongly.

Bag. (R.) Hush ! it 's all right. (*To* SOPHY) What may your pretty little name be, my dear ?

Sophy. Sophy Stokes, mem.

Bag. Pretty dear ! (*Kisses her, and looks at* TIPTON. *To* CAROLINE) And how are you called, darling ?

Car. Caroline Jones, mem.

Bag. Caroline ! Ah ! I once knew a Caroline. I shall love you for her sake. (*Kisses her, and as before.*)

Tip. By the bye, I remember, I once knew a Caroline, too. (*Goes to embrace her.*)

Bag. (*putting him back*). No, Miss Smithers, it was n't. Caroline. (*To* SELINA) What 's your name, dear ?

Sel. (L. C.) Selina Smith, mem.

Bag. (C.) Selina Smith. (*Aside*) That's the name to the note I found after the governor. (*Takes out note, and examines it aside. Aloud*) Selina Smith?

Sel. Yes, mem.

Bag. Ah! (*Aside*) It must be she. I'm thinking, my dear, where I heard the name of Selina Smith. Was n't it at — no — yes — at Kensington Gardens?

Sel. (*embarrassed*). Kensington Gardens? (*Aside*) What can she know about them?

Bag. Or could it be something about Richmond, and a dinner at the Star and Garter, that was running in my head?

Sel. (*more confused*). I — I — really can't say, mem. (*Aside*) Can she have heard of my invitation? (*Goes up* L.)

Bag. (*aside*). Right. I have my thumb on the governor. Well, young ladies, I've decided upon accepting you all, including the apprentice, whom I place under the especial protection of Miss Smithers. (ANGELICA, L., *curtseys, and* BAGGS *hands her over to* TIPTON, R.) There; I know you'll be kind to the young creature.

Tip. (*turning up* R., *followed by* ANGELICA.) I'll be — Never mind. (*She follows him about at back.*)

So. We're quite ready, mem, to begin work. We've brought our baskets with us, and only want to show you what we can do.

Bag. (*aside to* TIPTON). Have you got no work for them, Tom?

Tip. (R., *aside to* BAGGS). Work! not I. Nothing but a simple fracture of a shirt-button, or a dislocation of a shirt-collar.

Bag. What are we to do, then?

Tip. Can't you give them a large order for baby-linen?

Bag. Where's the material? 'Gad, I have it, — the window-blinds. Hush! (*To ladies*) Well, my dears, we'll commence, when you've taken off your bonnets, shawls —

Tip. And other personal incumbrances.

Bag. In that closet (*points to closet*, L. 3 E.) you can put them away. (*Ladies go into closet.*) Now, Tom, do as I do. (*Pulls down curtain at one window.* — TIPTON *the same at the other.*) We must make work for them somehow. (*They tear curtains into eight stripes.*) There — there — there — there. There's a fair division of labor for them, at all events.

Ladies re-enter, from closet, without their bonnets.

An. Here we are, mem.

Bag. (*aside*). By Jove! a lovely brigade.

Tip. And here's your work, ladies. (*Gives each a piece of the cotton.*) Here's for you — and you — and you, &c.

An. (L., *curtseying and smirking*). And the apprentice, mem.

Tip. Oh! the apprentice? (*Gruffly*) There! (*Gives her one of the pieces.*)

Bag. Miss Smithers, a chair. (TIPTON *gets two chairs, and places them* C. — *Ladies get chairs, and form in a line on each side of* BAGGS *and* TIPTON, *thus* —

R. JEM. BEL. SOPHY. BAGGS. TIPTON. SEL. CHAR. CAR. AN. I.

Tip. Now, ladies, commence your industrial operations.

Sel. What are we to do, mem? The work is not cut out

Bag. (R. C.) Eh? Hem!

Tip. (L. C.) Why, no. The fact is, our cutter broke her arm, last week, pouring out some remarkably strong tea for the ladies.

Ladies. Oh! oh! Poor soul! What a pity!

Bag. But we're not particular, my dears. Back-stitch those pieces up one side and down the other, and put a herring-bone hem along the back seam — and — and — that will do.

Tip. And if you find the work refractory you had better whip it.

Bag. (*aside to* TIPTON). I feel I'm getting rather spoony about Sophy. What an eye she has!

Tip. (*aside to* BAGGS). Ah! but Selina has two eyes, you dog.

So. Don't you work, Miss Smithers?

Tip. I rather think I do, — chiefly fancy work. Some of it would astonish you. I was reckoned one of the fastest hands, at Guy's.

Bag. (*aside to* TIPTON). Guy's! What are you about? (*Kicks him slily.*)

Tip. Oh! d—n it! (*Hops about as in pain. — Ladies rise in alarm.*) Oh! oh!

Ladies. What's the matter, Miss Smithers?

Tip. (*rubbing his leg*). Oh! oh! nothing; — only a cramp that sometimes seizes me. A a-ah! (*Aside to* BAGGS) Hang it, Joe! you need not have given me such a severe hint. (*Ladies sit.*)

An. (*aside to ladies*). La! don't Miss Smithers swear uncommon strong?

Ladies. Don't she?

Tip. Can any young lady lend me a needle? (*All offer needles. — He takes two.*) Thank you, my little dears. (*To* BAGGS) Here's one for you.

Bag. Bless me! where have I put my glasses? (*Takes spectacles from pocket, and puts them on. — He and* TIPTON *then take thread, and, coming down, make ludicrous attempts to thread their needles. Half aside*) Dash it!

Tip. (*half aside*). Hang it!

Bag. Can't you do it, Tom?

Tip. No!

Bag. Neither can I.

Tip. Hold! ah, ha! I've done it.

Bag. You don't mean that! Let me see. (*Takes threaded needle from* TIPTON.) Thank you. There, you can have mine. (*Sticks his needle in* TIPTON'S *shoulder.*)

Tip. (*jumping away.*) Hoh! Come, I say. (*Takes stage* L.)

Bag. Miss Smithers, have you any idea what I've done with my Ladies' Companion? (*Rises.*) Could I have put it in your work-basket, Miss Smith? (*Opens* SELINA'S *work-basket, and produces a lobster.*) Oh, a most remarkable Ladies' Companion as ever I saw!

Sel. (*rising*). It's only a lobster, mem, — a present from a friend, who knows my delicate appetite.

Bag. All surreptitious lobsters are confiscated in this establishment. (*Gives it to* TIPTON.)

Sel. I protest against such an invasion upon private property.

Ladies (*rising*). We all protest!

Bag. Private rights must always yield to the public weal.

Ladies. Shame! Robbery! Shame! Oh!

Bag. But to show my disinterested feelings, we 'll have the lobster at supper.

Sel. Oh, if there 's to be supper, I 'm satisfied! (*Ladies sit.*) But pray, mem, when shall we have dinner?

Bag. Well, I 've not determined yet. (*Sits beside* SOPHY.) Dear me! if I have n't lost my thimble!

So. I 've one here, if it will suit you, mem.

Bag. Thank you, my love. (*Puts it on thumb.*)

So. Good gracious, mem! you have put your thimble on your thumb.

Bag. Ah! so I have. It pushes better that way. (*Ladies laugh.*)

Tip. (*looking over* SELINA'S *shoulder*). Well, and how are you getting on, my dear? Ah, very well, — very well, indeed. (*Pinches her. — She screams.*)

Bag. What 's that?

Tip. Only a spider that I found on Miss Stokes's dress. (*Pretending to crush it with foot.*) There, the presumptuous animal is defunct.

Bag. This house is full of spiders. Is not that another I see there? (*Pretends to see one on* SOPHY'S *shoulder.*)

An. (*screaming in alarm*). Oh! where, where? (*Rushes into* TIPTON'S *arms.*) Where?

Tip. (*seeing who it is*). Eh! Not here. (*Pushes her away.*) No, no.

Car. (*taking her work to* BAGGS). Does that work please you, mem?

Bag. (*examining it*). Beautiful! Come here, my dear. Merit shall not go unrewarded. (*Kisses her.*)

Car. (R. C., *rubbing her cheek*). Bless me! Madame Vanderpants has a chin like a nutmeg-grater.

Tip. *I* must also reward meritorious industry. (*Turns to embrace* SELINA. — ANGELICA *interposes, and he finds her in his arms.* — *Aside*) Oh, confound the apprentice! (*Pushes her away. — A knock* D. L. 2 E. — BAGGS *and* TIPTON *come forward.*)

Bag. (*aside*). Who the devil can it be? (x *to door.*) Who 's there?

(*Without*). Mrs. Knappit, the milliner.

Bag. Mrs. Knappit?

Sel. (*to Ladies, in a suppressed tone*). Mrs. Knappit! Our mistress!

Ladies (*alarmed*). O-o-h!

(*Without*). I understand that some of my young ladies are here?

Ladies (*in a suppressed tone*). O-o-h!

Tip. Young ladies here, ma'am? What an idea! We 're moral young men, — a couple of betting-list-keepers, who have retired in disgust from the honesty of the world. (*While he speaks,* BAGGS *conducts Ladies to* D. R. 3 E., *pushes them in, and shuts it.*) And we 've registered a vow, ma'am, not to let any female enter our melancholy abode!

(*Without*). Oh dear! I beg your pardon, gentlemen — very sorry — but good morning — good morning.

Tip. Adieu, ma'am — farewell — mind the two steps, ma'am. (*Turns, with a pirouette.*) Tol de rol — she 's off!

Bag. (*meeting him dancing*). Tom, I 've an idea. During the temporary absence of the ladies, may we not have a pipe?

Tip. The very thing I was about to propose. I 've got my fumigator here. (*Takes pipe from apron pocket. — Both sit* C.)

Bag. And I mine. (*Takes out pipe.*)

Tip. (*lighting German tinder against sole of shoe*). Have a light, Joe?

Bag. (*the same*). Thank you, I have got it. (*Light pipes.*)

Tip. Joe — (*puff*) — I say, the smell of the tobacco may discover us — (*puff*) — eh?

Bag. Nonsense! — (*puff*) — tobacco has no smell. (*Puff.*)

Tip. (*puff*). I 'm glad of that. (*Puff.*) 00

Enter SELINA, *cautiously*, R. 3. E.

Sel. Mrs. Vanderpants! (*Both jump up suddenly.* — TIPTON X *to* R., *and throws away pipe.* — BAGGS *puts his in pocket.* — *Both blow to disperse smoke.* — *She comes down* R.) Is she gone?

Tip. Yes, we persuaded her to go.

Sel. I never was so frightened in my life! (*Sniffs*) Eh! Bless me! there 's been some one smoking here!

Tip. (C.) } Smoking? (*Sniff.*)
Bag. (L.) }

Sel. Don't you smell it?

Both. No.

Tip. Yet now I fancy I perceive a delicate perfume of roses. (*Aside to* BAGGS) Joe, you 're on fire!

Bag. (*aside, jumping*). The devil I am! Oh, 't is the rascally pipe! (*Snatches pipe hastily out of pocket, and throws it away.* — *While this takes place, Ladies enter* D. R. 3 E., *and take places on* R., *each holding something behind her.* — TIPTON *and* BAGGS *on* L.)

So. Mrs. Vanderpants, we 've discovered a something in that room that has alarmed our delicacy, mem.

Bag. Your delicacy, child?

So. Yes, mem. Do ladies usually wear Wellington boots? (SOPHY *and* BELLA *each produce a boot.*)

Car. Or is it the fashion for our sex to amuse themselves with boxing-gloves — so? (*She and* JEMIMA *produce two pairs of boxing-gloves on their hands, and take a pugilistic attitude.*)

Char. Or play upon the post-horn? (*Produces horn, and blows a discordant note.* — SELINA *goes to chimney-piece, and returns with razor.*)

An. Or to wear such a hat as this? (*Puts wide-awake on head.*)

Sel. And I should like to know what business a correct female can have with a razor. (*Exhibits razor.*)

Ladies. O-o-h! — ah!

Bag. Miss Smithers, explain.

Tip. Me explain!

Bag. (*aside to him*). Hush! — it 's all right. Say something.

Tip. (L., *affecting modesty*). Well, mem, I'll tell the truth. — There is a young man comes here sometimes — to — to — tea.

Bag. A man? Oh! support me, ladies! (*Totters, and is supported by Ladies.*)

Tip. Oh, mem! but it 's all correct, I 'll assure you! We 've put up the banns; and he 's quite a respectable young gent — a medical student, mem.

Bag. A medical student? Unhappy young woman!

Tip. A student of Guy's, mem.

Bag. A student of Guy's. Worse and worse! 'T is really shocking! I — oh, oh! (*Pretends to faint. — Ladies surround him.*)

So. She 's fainted!

Sel. and Ladies. Cold water! (ANGELICA *runs into room*, R. 3 E.)

Sel. Poor dear! the shock has done it.

So. Open her dress!

Car. Cut her stays! (*They pull off his cap and corsage, the skirts of the gown only remaining; he appears as a man down to the waist.*)

Re-enter ANGELICA, D. R. 3 E., *carrying a water-pitcher.* 00

An. Here, here 's the water. (*Dashes it in his face.*)

Bag. Pooh! — wooh! Zounds! (*Jumps up.*) 00

Ladies (*screaming and retreating*). Gracious! it 's a man!

Tip. A man? — a monster. (*Slips into room* R. 3 E.)

Sel. Ladies, if you have the spirit of ladies, you must punish the impostor.

So. Pinch him to death!

An. Tickle him into fits!

Car. Scratch his eyes out!

Sel. No, no. Let all do as I do, — prepare needles. (*Ladies take needles out of work.*) Present needles! (*They present needles at him.*)

Bag. What are you about, ladies?

Sel. Charge needles! (*They prick him on all sides.*)

Bag. Oh! the devil — spare me! Oh! I say — for heaven's sake — there, have done — do — ladies! I 'm not a bag of bran! Oh, oh, oh! (*Breaks from them, and runs into closet* L. 3 E.)

Sel. Follow him! Don't let him escape. (*They pursue him into closet; his remonstrances heard within.*)

Enter TIPTON, R. 3 E., *in man's attire, except head-dress.*

Tip. What a pack of little demons. (*Ladies cheer in closet.*) There they go. If I could find my coat I 'd be off. (*Looks for it.* — BAGGS, *in his own clothes, is hauled in by Ladies, bound with scarfs and shawls.* — TIPTON *conceals himself behind arm-chair.*)

Bag. I demand quarter.

Ladies. No quarter! — no quarter. (*They push him into chair,* L. C., *and proceed to tie him in.*)

Bag. Charming Selina! have pity on me.

Sel. (*seeing* TIPTON). Oh! there 's the other tiger lying in ambush, to spring upon his victims.

Tip. Me a tiger? I deny it! I 'm a trembling fawn — an inno-

cent lamb — a — (*Moves* L. — *Ladies seize and tie him in chair* R., *with the pieces they have been sewing.*)

Tip. Help! Murder!

Sel. Stop his mouth!

Tip. (*struggling.*) Would you stifle the voice of the people?

Enter SINGLETON, *with carpet-bag,* L. 2 E.

Sin. Ha, ladies! A female invasion! My clerk, Joe Baggs, and that rascal Tom Tipton! What brought you all here?

An. (R.) This, sir. (*Shows placard, which* SINGLETON *reads.* — *Ladies unbind* TIPTON *and* BAGGS.)

Sel. (*aside*). I'll be hanged if it isn't the old gentleman that I was to dine with at Richmond, next Sunday!

Sin. (L.) What's this? (*Reads*) "*Milliners for the gold diggings*" — um — "*apply*" — um — "*to Mrs. Vanderpants.*" My respected client. Where is she?

Bag. (L. C., *timidly*). I'm that penitent individual, sir.

Tip. And I'm her unhappy friend, Miss Smithers, sir.

Sin. Oh, indeed! Now I understand the hoax. This is why you wished me to go to Oxford. Why, the first man I met on the platform at the station was old Tottles, alive and well. Then I shall have the pleasure of confiding Mrs. Vanderpants and her friend to the custody of the police — directly. (*Going.*) I'll make an example of them.

Bag. A word with you, sir, first. (*Draws him to* C., *and shows him note.*) You know that note, sir —

Sin. (*aside*). Selina Smith's. How the deuce did I lose it?

Bag. Never mind, governor; — don't be alarmed. Let's cry quits, and I'll be secret.

Sin. (*as from sudden thought*). I know nothing about it!

Sel. (*down* L.) Nothing about it? — Not about me, sir?

Sin. (*aside*). Eh? The deponent herself. Hem! ha! — there's no twisting out of this. Well — ha, ha, ha! — hush-h! — my character! — preserve my character, and all shall be forgiven! There, I don't want to know what you've been doing. Don't tell me. I'll go and dine at a tavern.

Bag. Dine at a tavern! when I have ordered a splendid cold collation and a dozen of champagne?

Sel. and Ladies. Bravo! bravo!

Bag. Which my worthy governor here insists he shall pay for.

Ladies. Oh! Bravo! bravo! bravo! (*Clap hands.*) Encore!

Tip. You're an honor to the country that gave you birth, and to the boots in which you stand. We've taken some slight liberties with you, sir; but if you'll forgive us we'll drink your health and your own champagne, with enthusiastic applause.

Sin. Forgive you? Never! I'll be —

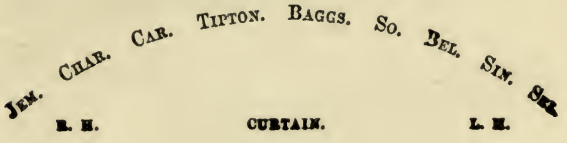
Bag. (*aside to him*). Hem! Selina Smith!

Sin. Ah! — hem! — Selina! Yes, yes, I forgive you — (*aside*) and be hanged to you!

Tip. We're much obliged. (*To Ladies*) Ladies, may we — Ah! bless their dear little hearts! they have smiled our pardon before I asked it. And now to make our last appeal to a liberal and enlight

ened public. (*To audience*) Ladies and gentlemen, pray don't mention what has passed here to-night, except to friends who, like you, can forgive our follies, laugh at our larks, and make our little theater a real Gold Diggings for these Spirited Young Milliners, who beg to drop you a grateful curtsey, before we drop the curtain. (TIPTON *and* BAGGS *bow.* — *Ladies advance in line, and curtsey profoundly to audience, as curtain falls.*

SITUATIONS.



FRENCH'S SCENES FOR AMATEURS.

From approved designs. Representing scenes suitable for any piece. These are invaluable to amateur scene painters and also a great guide and help to professionals. Measurement 16½ in. by 12½ in.
Price Colored, each, 30 cents. Plain, each, 15 cents.

BACK SCENES.

The letters denote what borders and sides will go with the scenes.

1. Cottage, Interior (*j b*)
2. " Exterior (*a f*)
3. Wood (*a j*)
4. Prison (*c l*)
5. Field (*a k*)
6. Castle (*k*)
7. Street (*g*)
8. Palace (*d h*)
9. Drawing-room (*j*)
10. Library (*j*)
11. Street, Foreign (*e*)
12. Roadside Inn with river and bridge (*k*
13. Foreign Hotel ext. (*af*)
14. Ship Deck
15. Seascape (*k*)
16. Cave (*c l*)
17. Mountain Pass (*b k*)
18. Attic (*b j*)
19. Lodging House Room (*j*)
20. Villa (*a f*)
21. Court of Justice (*h*)
22. Baronial Hall (*h b*)
23. Proscenium, right
23A " left
24. Curtain
25. Drop Scene.

BORDERS AND SIDES.

Price Colored, each, 30 cents. Plain, each, 15 cents.

a Foliage Borders.
b Rocks and Raft Borders.
c Stone Borders.
d Fancy Borders.
e Foreign Exterior Sides.
f Tree Sides.
g Exterior Sides.
h Pillar Sides.
j Interior Sides.
k Field and Rock Sides.
l Stone Sides.

FRENCH'S AMATEUR OPERAS,

FOR STAGE AND DRAWING-ROOM.

Comprising some of the best works of the great composers, and arranged so that they can be performed in any drawing-room. Each book is complete in itself, containing the *Libretto, Stage Directions, Music, Costumes, and Properties*, elegantly finished, and the size of ordinary music, illuminated cover.
This series is superior to any other published. The following are ready:

PRICE 40 CENTS EACH.	M	F
The Rose of Auvergne, or "Spoiling the Broth," 1 act. Music by Offenbach	2	1
The Blind Beggars, by Offenbach, 1 act	2	1
The Barber of Bath, Offenbach, 1 act	3	1
My New Maid, composed by Charles Lecocq, 1 act	0	2
A Fit of the Blues, composed by V. Robillard, 1 act	1	1
Grass Widows, V. Gabriel, 1 act	1	2
Loan of a Lover	4	2
Trial by Jury, composed by Arthur Sullivan, 1 act, words by W. S. Gilbert. This is very amusing and very pretty. There are five males, as well as twelve jurymen (the chorus), and one female character and eight bridesmaids, also the chorus. If these numbers be not convenient, any number will do	17	9

TABLEAUX VIVANTS,

ARRANGED FOR PRIVATE REPRESENTATION.

By J. V. PRICHARD.

Containing 80 selected Tableaux, with instructions how to get them up, cast of characters, costumes required, and full description of each picture. Also information respecting the use of the Tableaux Lights, and other effects, and describing the music required for each representation. Price, 25 cents.

THEATRICAL AND FANCY COSTUME WIGS, &c.,

A large assortment of above kept in Stock. No Wigs lent out on hire. Any Wig can be made to order. For prices and description, see

CATALOGUE, POST FREE ON APPLICATION.

S. FRENCH & SON,

38 East 14th Street, Union Square, New York.

THIS BOOK IS DUE ON THE LAST DATE STAMPED BELOW

AN INITIAL FINE OF 25 CENTS

WILL BE ASSESSED FOR FAILURE TO RETURN THIS BOOK ON THE DATE DUE. THE PENALTY WILL INCREASE TO 50 CENTS ON THE FOURTH DAY AND TO $1.00 ON THE SEVENTH DAY OVERDUE.

OCT 24 1941 A

MAR 2 8 1952

Pacific Union College

INTER-LIBRARY LOAN

Feb 27'52 H

LD 21-100m-7,'40(6936s)

Gaylamount
Pamphlet
Binder
Gaylord Bros., Inc.
Stockton, Calif.
T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

YB 74610

M50102

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY